

THE PLYMOUTH BANNER.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Education, Agriculture, Commerce, Markets, General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic News.

VOL. 2.—NO. 40.]

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1853.

[WHOLE NO. 92.]

THE BANNER.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING.

TERMS.

If paid in advance, - - - - - \$1.50
At the end of six months, - - - - - 2.00
If delayed until the end of the year, - - - - - 2.50
The above terms will be strictly adhered to.

No paper will be discontinued, until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the Publisher.

ADVERTISING.

Advertisements will be conspicuously inserted, at the following prices, viz.:
For 1 square (of 10 lines) 3 insertions \$1.00
Each additional insertion, - - - - - .25c
Anything less than a square, will be considered a square.

Advertisers must be particular to mark the number of insertions on the face of the advertisement, or they will be published until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

A liberal discount will be made where advertising is done by the year.

All Communications from a distance should be addressed Post-Paid to the Editor.

KATE HAMILTON; OR THE FLIRT'S REWARD.

"Oh Kate!" said a merry voice, "Papa has just received a letter from cousin Charles, announcing the pleasing fact that he will be here in a week, to spend all the bright summer with us. Don't you rejoice with us, for he used to be a favorite with you as well as myself, in our childhood days. Years have elapsed since then, and perhaps he is as much changed in heart as he must be in person. I don't anticipate that, however, but think of him as the cousin Charles of other days. And he will be such a pleasant addition to our little home circle."

The lady addressed raised her head, and looked smilingly at the lovely speaker, and when she had finished remarked gaily: "Now, that you have ended your tissue of golden memories, I will tell you that I am glad that he is coming. It will elevate, in some degree, this dull monotony; for there is some danger of these old woods, with their ceaseless wailing, giving one the horrors before the end of this long wearisome summer."

"Oh Kate! do not call it wailing—it is not a fit term to apply to these majestic old trees. I call it the gentle sighing of the breeze as it kisses the roving branches of the proud forest monarch. I can indulge in such pleasant reveries, uninterrupted—can recall so vividly the happy days of our childhood, when we used to wander so fearlessly through intricate paths. You loved it then, as well as myself—how is it that you do not love it now," she continued sadly. "Our beloved parents are with us—it is our home, our childhood's home, so fraught with pleasant memories. We are surrounded by everything that can constitute happiness. How can you weary of it. I never could."

"I love my parents as well as you do, Amy, but I must confess, my little country sister, that a ball room, theatre, and other city scenes are more in accordance with my taste, than roaming like a love-sick damsel among these old woods. Did I indulge in day dreams as you do, I believe I would die of ennui. It seems to me there must be some secret convent buried somewhere in the depths; and what you call the sighing of the breeze," was a mere fancy, giving their respiration. And I take no pleasure in captivity, or its consequences. I avoid it as much as possible while you, with your gentler nature, love such scenes, in the romantic hope of affording relief. So I am afraid," she said, tapping her sister's cheek lightly, "that we are compelled to tread different paths. I am sorry our tastes are not more congenial, but as nature has endowed us with different attributes, we must submit to our fate. But when did you say that Charles Cleveland would be here? He gave promise of much beauty and intellect in boyhood. If nature has fulfilled that promise, he must be very handsome," she said thoughtfully, as if speaking more to herself than to her sister.

Amy looked at her earnestly for a few minutes, and then she stole her arm quietly around her neck, as if to rouse her from the thoughts that she read too well. Let me paint them as they stood thus on that bright summer evening, ere sorrow had come, with crushing weight, to dim the glorious beauty of one, and the soft ethereal loveliness of the other. The sisters were alike in nature; but Amy's slight form seemed very girlish beside Kate's beautifully developed figure. They were very similar too, in features, but very dissimilar in expression. Kate's clear, brunette complexion, and magnificent raven tresses, formed a beautiful contrast to Amy's fair skin and dark brown ringlets, that had that peculiar wave which caught the light in ripples. Amy's large, brown eyes were soft and gentle as the whole expression of her face; while from Kate's brilliant black orbs flashed the proud consciousness of her surpassing beauty.

Kate and Amy Hamilton were the only children of wealthy and indulgent parents. Kate was twenty and her sister was two

years younger, at the time our story commences. For these reasons Kate had been the belle. She was courted and admired—very many had bowed at her shrine with the well founded hope of reciprocal affection, but were disappointed. As yet, she was in "Maiden meditation, fancy, free." But the secret of all these disappointments was, that our heroine was a "flirt." She was a sceptic in love—she believed in all imagination, fancy—any thing else but the holy feeling it was. She loved admiration, and sought it regardless of the misery she was inflicting on many, perchance true hearts. The gentle Amy remonstrated with tears, but she laughed lightly at her fears, and still pursued the path she had chosen. She was conscious of her power, and wielded it, with iron sway, but with smiles, and words. The two preceding summers had been spent at watering places, but this summer Mr. Hamilton laughingly told his daughters he had brought them to "Love Lawn" to rusticate. Amy thanked him warmly. Kate was silent, because she loved not solitude, but was dutiful and affectionate to contravert the wishes of her parents. But she longed for the flight of time, that she might renew her gaiters and conquests. But with all her faults, Kate had many redeeming traits—her nature was warm and impulsive, spite of her scepticism. She was generous to a fault, and words of sorrow never fell unheeded on her compassionate ear, when she felt that they were not feigned.

Before I proceed in my story, let me give you a brief sketch of Charles Cleveland. In early life he had been left an orphan (but wealthy.) Mr. Hamilton was his mother's brother, and was left his sole guardian; well and faithfully had he discharged the trust reposed in him. Mr. Cleveland died when his son was yet a mere infant. Mrs. Cleveland lingered a few years, but she never lifted up her head in joy again, for she was fondly attached to her husband, and rejoiced "when her summons came," for she felt that, by her only and dearly beloved brother, her son would be cared for. He was with her in her last illness, and promised when the damp dews of death stood on that pale loved face, that he would love and protect her orphan boy as his own. After his sister was laid in the silent tomb, he took the sorrowing boy to his own home. Charles was then but ten. The little Amy had numbered four bright summers, but when her cousin came, she would sit beside him for hours, with her soft arms entwining his neck, gently striving to win him from his sorrowful thoughts and bitter tears.

At last she succeeded. He would follow her submissively, but Amy was now wayward, she merely sought to alleviate his grief, not to show her power. Kate, too, loved her cousin, but she was often wild and capricious and wounded when she meant it not. At such times he would shrink from her and seek the society of his more congenial playmate. But soon Charles' shyness wore off, and he heroically styled himself his cousin's protector, and learned not to fear Kate's railery, but Amy was still his favorite. Years passed away and the time came when he must leave home for college. He was deservedly a favorite with the whole household, and all now truly grieved when the parting hour came, but none sorrowed as the little Amy. For weeks her once light footsteps were slow and measured, but this could not last, and Amy was herself again, for she could still think joyfully of his return. He had graduated with the first honors of the college, and for three years had been travelling in Europe. Seven years had passed away—the boy had grown to manhood, the girls to womanhood. In a few days they were to meet again; can you wonder then that these three hearts beat with untold emotions. Amy almost counted the hours until his arrival; her thoughts run of his dwelling on the happy, but shadowy past. She loved to picture to herself their happy unconstrained meeting.

The day of Charles' expected arrival came at last. Amy was with her parents awaiting his arrival. It was the soft hour of twilight, the hour she loved best. Soon her impatient ear was gratified by hearing the carriage wheels; she looked out and catching a glimpse of his tall magnificent form as he jumped hurriedly from the carriage, instead of running to meet him as she intended, fled precipitately.

"Oh Kate! he has come," she cried, bursting into her sister's room almost breathless.

"Then what are you doing here," said Kate, laughingly, "why did you not go out to meet him?"

"Oh! I could not, because he looks so different from what he used to do," she said in a disappointed tone.

"Why silly girl, exclaimed her sister, "did you imagine he would look as when you parted! But come I will go with you now, so don't be alarmed, and drawing Amy's arm through her own, the beautiful sisters entered the room to welcome home their long absent cousin."

When they entered Charles started

at the vision of loveliness that met his gaze, but rising gracefully, he saluted them as an affectionate brother would have done, and leading them to the sofa, took his seat between them, and talked gaily, feelingly of their past. Kate's brilliant black eyes were raised boldly to his, as if she sought to dazzle him by their beauty, and well he felt their power as she exerted all the fascination she was mistress of, to gratify.

But Amy's soft eyes were downcast, and Charles wondered at the change that had come over his sweet cousin, and rallied her about it; but she answered gaily, "I am not changed, and will be myself to-morrow," and passing to her room she asked herself the cause of this sudden change. "I have never felt this in the presence of another," she said, for Amy, though gentle, was ever graceful and self-possessed.

When the sisters sought their chambers that night how different were their feelings. Amy's joy at her cousin's return, was mingled with fear. She had marked her sister's manner during the evening, and she feared for her cousin's happiness; for it now occurred to her that Kate could truly love. Kate felt a proud triumph in again being admired, and she felt a stranger, deeper pleasure in Charles' society than she had ever felt in that of any other. She was too much accustomed to homage to regard it; but this evening she was flushed and excited, she knew not why.

When Amy entered her sister's apartment, to bid her good night, she passed her arm gently around her, and whispered softly, "Kate do you love your cousin Charles?"

Kate started slightly, her cheek crimsoned as she asked Amy's meaning.

"He is your cousin, and you love him in childhood," she answered.

"In answer to your first question, I must ask if ties of blood necessarily constitute ties of affection? and to the second, it does not go to prove that what we love in childhood, we must cling to in mature years, as an illustration—these fruit trees of yours."

"But Kate, my sister, in memory of our childhood days, in memory of the love you once cherished for Charles, I ask you now to spare him, you know your beauty and your power, do not exert it then for his misery, he seems so formed for happiness," she said earnestly, tearfully. Kate seemed touched by her appeal for a moment, and then answered lightly:

"Do you feel such a deep interest in him then, perhaps you have a claim, if so prefer it boldly, and I shall not interfere. But my little sister," she said kissing her cheek warmly, though a curl rested on the proud lip, "do not fear Charles will never pine in misery through any act of mine, so good night."

Amy sought her room, but still feared, her slumbers were broken for though she loved her sister truly and tenderly, she could not place entire confidence in her words, because she knew too well her fatal propensity.

Weeks passed, and Charles was the constant companion of the sisters; he, too, loved to wander with Amy through her favorite haunts, and it was strange how Kate forgot her prejudices, and city gayeties, and constantly accompanied her cousin and her sister through these once hated woods. They seemed to possess a peculiar charm to her now. She wondered at the strange power Charles had, even over her taste, and once asked herself, do I love Charles Cleveland? Is this the love that poets speak of? And then she turned lightly from this self questioning, and answered proudly, "Bah, what is love but an ideal phrase we use, yet know not what it is."

One bright afternoon, about six weeks after Charles' return, he was sitting with his aunt and Amy, in the dressing room of the former. Amy's white fingers were busy about delicate fancy work, but her thoughts were far away. Charles pretended to read, but he was intently watching his sweet cousin, and wondering at the sad change that had come over her since his return. He found her bright and blooming—now her cheek was almost as colorless as the white muslin dress she wore—her small hands were almost transparent, but yet she murmured not. She never complained of ill health, yet she was evidently fading fast. Suddenly a light seemed to dawn upon him, and rising immediately, he asked Amy to accompany him to a little stream near the house, where gentle ripples were wont to soothe the sometimes excited feelings of our gentle Amy. It was a very lovely little stream; the bright wild flowers grew on its banks, and gazed down into its clear waters. She started as if he had roused her from a painful reverie, but rising immediately, inquired for Kate.

"Kate? follow us," said Charles, "but come with me now, I would speak with you, particularly this evening," he whispered softly. Soon they were standing by the banks of the little stream, when the setting sun, in all its gorgeous beauty, burst upon their vision—but they saw it not. For once, Amy seemed indifferent to the beauties of nature—her

eyes, now bent down, as if to hide the thoughts that she feared would emanate from them—but Charles' eyes were riveted on her face.

"Amy, my dear, sweet cousin," said he at length, "you must listen to me—Let me tell you the story of my life—of this bright young being who must be the arbitress of my future happiness or misery."

She did not withdraw the hand he had taken, but it was very cold; she had nerved herself to listen to the story of his love, for her sister—for it now seemed to her that she could not be loved, when her beautiful sister had exerted her powers of fascination. And yet she loved him with all the depth and fervor of a heart capable of the deepest and most intense devotion. From her early childhood she had loved him—none other had ever occupied even a temporary place in her heart. And now she must give up all her fond hopes, all the bright dreams she had so blindly cherished through long years of absence. But she spoke not, and Charles continued hurriedly:

"Amy, years ago, when I came hither a heartstricken, sorrowing boy, you soothed me with your gentle words and soft caresses. I loved you then as a sweet young sister, but the time came when we must part. I left you with a sorrowful heart, but I could still feel your bitter tears on my cheek—could still, in imagination, feel again your clinging arms, that seemed as if they bound me to you, by a tie that naught but death could sever. During seven years of absence, your sweet face pursued me, like a guardian angel, as if to shield me from evil. And when the time of my return arrived, too, as you, I sighed, yet trembled to meet. I feared to meet you changed. I dreaded to meet your cold, averted eye; though not cold or averted, it was downcast. I have marked the sudden paling of your cheek, of late; I have dared to hope that I was not indifferent to you. Forgive me, dearest cousin, if I have been too presumptuous, but let my deep, passionate love, be my excuse. Amy, dear! dearest one, will you be mine?"

She sprang quickly from his side, the trembling hand was withdrawn, and she answered wildly, hurriedly—"Charles, you are deceived, it is Kate you mean, not me, for none can love me where she is." The small hand was now clasped, here eyes were raised to his, as if her very life depended on his answer, which came clear and distinct.

"No, Amy, I know my own heart. Kate is very beautiful, but you are my first, my only love." Gently his arm encircled her slight form, and drawing her fondly to him, he bent down on this bright face, now glowing with hope and happiness. Let us leave them thus in their bliss, and return to Kate.

Soon after her cousin and sister had left the house, she entered her mother's dressing room and inquired for them—when told where they were, she tripped gaily towards the spot, singing snatches of some wild ocean song. "The veil which hides the future is woven by the hand of mercy," otherwise what little peace or happiness, would be known in this beautiful illusory world. Kate was soon very near them, but they saw her not; she was preparing, with a bright smile on her lips to startle them, when she saw Charles clasp Amy in his arms, and "Amy, my own promised bride," were the words borne to the listener by the swift winds of Heaven. The smile faded from her lip, the cheek changed to a death-like hue, and yet she stood there motionless—powerless. Then suddenly she turned and fled as if pursued by some dread phantom. On she went, until she came to a quiet, lonely looking spot, that she had once turned from with a laugh, and called Amy's "Robber's Den." And then she threw herself on the ground in all the wildness of despair.

"Oh God! Oh God! let me die!" was the wild impious prayer of that stricken heart. While moon after moon broke the soft twilight hour. No word emanated from those quivering lips, but shudder after shudder passed over the prostrate form and told the violence of her emotions. The black, dreary future rose up before her, year after year to live and endure.

One terrible thought of death self-summoned occurred to her, but she was yet too pure in heart to let it linger there. Her first disappointment—and she so unprepared, she had no thought that any one could resist her for the first time she loved, and she had made such noble resolutions to live only for the loved ones. And now where are those bright hopes? All all gone—forever gone. Almost any other woman would have resolved to live solely for the world. Not so with Kate Hamilton, for it awakened the better feelings of her nature. Long she lay thus, but when she rose it was with the noble resolution to conceal this unrequited love from all, to renounce the world and live entirely for her parents and her soul. She was calm but very pale, as slowly she walked homeward. She passed immediately to her room to remove all traces of tears from her cheek. She has just succeeded when Amy entered her room,

and casting herself in her sister's arms, she asked for her congratulations. Kate shuddered, but commanding herself, bestowed them in a calm, clear voice. Who can tell the thoughts and feelings of that young girl as she pronounced the desired words? Who could read the anguish of that young spirit?

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton accorded a joyful consent to the union of Charles Cleveland with their gentle Amy, and an early day was named for their nuptials. Kate assisted her sister in her preparations with a cheerful countenance but a breaking heart. She stood by her side and heard the words spoken which bound her indissolubly to the only man she had ever loved. She now offered her congratulations in a calm voice, but her cheek was white as the shrouded dead. Many remarked on its paleness, but attributed the separation from her dearly loved sister, who would leave the next morning with her happy bride-groom on a bridal tour. They had urged Kate to accompany them, but she refused on the plea of not leaving her parents alone.

A few weeks after Amy's departure, Mrs. Hamilton was attacked with a violent fever; which in a few days prostrated all her strength. Kate watched day and night by her mother's bedside and seemed unconscious of the sense of fatigue, and when urged to take some rest, would reply with a cheerful smile, "I am not weary." But in vain all the care and attention of those fond watchers who ever lingered around the couch of the sufferer. The dread fiat had gone forth, and she must die. Mrs. Hamilton was a Christian, and she was willing to obey her Master's call. When she felt that her minutes were numbered, she called her husband and child to her, and thanked them warmly for all their love and tenderness. She told them of her hope of Heaven, her bright assurance of being received thus through the blood of her crucified Saviour. She left many tender remembrances for Charles and Amy, and then clasping her hands together she murmured, "Amy, my child, would that I could see you once again, but the will of God be done," and then turning her dying eyes on the loved ones around her, while a bright smile illuminated her pale features, she said softly, "husband, child, God's blessings rest—"

The gentle spirit went up with that last half uttered sentence, and the wife and mother was on the bosom of her Saviour. And then Kate cast herself on the body of her mother. "Oh, mother! mother! take me with you, I have nothing to live for," she cried wildly, "life has no charms for your child—alone I must struggle on through life. Oh, God! oh, God! let me die!" was once again the frantic appeal of the young girl.

Mr. Hamilton raised his child in his arms and said softly: "Kate, my child, it is right thus to rebel at the decrees of God? I am old and desolate—the loved companion of my youth, my wife, is gone, and yet I murmur not. You are young—life is yet bright before you—is it right then to act thus?"

"Hopes," she said, wildly, passionately, "I have no hopes in life—all are dead, dead! The frosts of time do not rest on my hair, but the storms have beaten upon my heart, and left traces there that can never be obliterated. Yes, oh God! take me early."

"My child, would you leave me alone?" was the solemn, reproachful question.

"Father, dear father, forgive me, said his repentant child. Here, in the presence of my dead mother, I vow never to leave you—promise to live only for you and heaven. Even as Ruth gave to Naomi, will I cleave to thee." The head drooped upon the bosom of her only parent, and tears, bitter, scalding tears, coursed each other down her pale cheeks, but they relieved her bursting heart—for they were the first she had shed for many days.

They laid Mrs. Hamilton in the grave—"dust to dust," and slowly wended their way to the now desolate home. The mourners shivered as they entered—it was so cold there—so cold and damp, and dark, as if the shadow of the death that had so lately entered there, still lingered around.

Amy returned too late to see that loved form again on earth, but her bitter tears were shed on the bosom of her beloved husband. After a few weeks spent in her childhood's home, she accompanied her husband to the beautiful home he had fitted up for his fair young bride.

But Kate remained with her father—faithfully did she fulfil her promise made in the presence of the dead—her earthly hopes were all blighted and withered, but "she had laid up for herself treasure in heaven." Sometimes her thoughts would turn with sadness and regret to the past that she had missed—the hearts she had crushed, and ask herself if those days of idol pleasure would compensate her for the life of utter loneliness that she would be compelled to endure, (if her life was spared) after her father's passed away.

Then would echo answer no. At such times she would bow her head on her clasped hands and weep bitter tears of sorrow and remorse.

Injured Only Himself.

"He had his faults, they injured only himself."

So says an exchange, in speaking of an able and distinguished officer of the army, whose death was hastened by strong drink.

Can the mother who watched the opening bud of hope, perhaps her only son, whose constant prayer was, "deliver him from temptation;" whose eye glistened with joy at the recital of his deeds of daring, and whose tottering step down the declivity of life looked to him for support; can she see that noble son lowered into a drunkard's grave, and say "they only injured himself?"

Can the father, who girded the sword on the youthful thigh, and bid his son go fight his country's battles; whose locks glistened for eternity, admonish him that but for this son his name would soon be blotted out; can he see those hopes forever blasted by the besetting cause of drunkenness, and say "they only injured himself?"

Can the wife, whose worldly joys have been indissolubly linked with a husband's love, whose young affections were committed with generous confidence to the keeping of one worthy and noble; whose tears have followed the soldier's path through the hour of danger, whose petition has daily gone up, asking deliverance of the father of her children from "battle, and murder and from sudden death," can she see the stealthy but certain advance of the inexorable murderer, until soul and body of an idolized husband are taken captive by the monster Intemperance, and wild delirium pictures the ministering spirits of wife and children as fiends and devils, can she say, "they injured only himself?"

No, no; the man who is a slave to this passion, until thirst, like the fire of hell, becomes quenchless, and the tears and entreaties of father, mother, wife and children are drowned in the bottomless cup; and who sacrifices everything here, and all hereafter by such deadly faults, injure all with whom he comes in contact, friends and kindred deeply, himself irreparably.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Keep Him Down—Ah, keep him down. What business has a poor man to attempt to rise, without a name—without friends—without honorable blood in his veins? We have known him ever since he was a boy—we knew his father before him, and he was but a mechanic—and what merit can there be in the young stripling? Such is the cry of the world when a man of sterling character attempts to break away from the cords of poverty and ignorance, and rise to a position of truth and honor. The multitude are excited by envy—they cannot endure to be outstripped by those who grow up with them or their children side by side, and hence the opposition a man encounters in his native place. Despite of this feeling, many noble minds have risen from obscurity and lived down their opponents; but others have yielded to discouragements—lived in obscurity, and "died and made no sign." Let it not be so with you young man. Persevere—mount up and startle the world.

A GAY DECEIVER—A German, living on Franklin Avenue, was married last Thursday. Yesterday, no less than four women, each with a child in her arms, called at his house, and of course a tremendous domestic scene followed, every one claiming that she had been deserted by him, under the promise of marriage. There was no possible means of reconciling and compromising a difficulty of such a nature, but an emigration to Utah, and a marriage of the whole four. That mode, however, was not suggested, and nothing was left to them but to upbraid him with his villainy, and threaten a legal prosecution. His name is withheld for the present, and until a resort is had to legal proceedings.—*St. Louis Intel.*

THE GREATEST LIVING CURIOSITY—We yesterday visited the Carolina Twins, who are paying a visit to our city. A freak of nature so extraordinary must be seen before it can be fully credited. These children, born in Columbus county, North Carolina, are of Negro origin, to a remarkably degree lively and intelligent, and are beginning to utter and repeat words quite distinctly, though only about sixteen months old. This connection is much more intimate than that of the Siamese twins, being joined together at the back by the union of two spines in one. Physicians who have examined them pronounce them to be the greatest curiosity ever seen or heard of. Some of their organs are in common whilst others are perfectly distinct. Often while one is sound asleep the other is wide awake and playful, and the connection such that whilst one sits erect the other can lie down.

Baltimore Sun.

Mrs. Waring, widow of Rev. Thomas Waring, at Louisville, on last Friday, obtained a judgment against the N. Y. Nautilus Mutual Insurance Company for \$5,000, amount of insurance on her husband's life.